And so offend him: for I tell you Sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my Lord we can containe our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himselfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft low tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close-conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will well vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard hu
And how my men will stay themselues fro
When they do homage to this simple pea
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presen
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extre

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants
Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenance
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.
1 *Ser.* Wilt please your Lordship drink
2 *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of
3. *Ser.* What raiment will your hono
Beg. I am *Christopher Sly*, call no
ship: I ne're dranke sacke in my life: and i
serues, giue mee conserues of Beefe: nere
weare, for I haue no more doublets then
ings then legges: nor no more shooes then
feet then shooes, or such shooes as my toe
uer leather.
Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in
Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.
Beg. What would you make me mad? Am
old *Slies* sonne of Burton-heath by byrth
Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-hea
profession a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Ha*
Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say
score for sheere Ale; score mee vp for
Christendome. What I am not bestraugh
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes you
2 *Mar.* Oh this is it that makes your fa
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kinde
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy bir
Call home thy ancient thoughts from ban
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dream
Looke how thy seruants do attend on th